WHALE HUNTS THE WHALER.

RAMS HER AND SINKS HER AND DIES A FREE WHALE.

Damn Hard Luck, Sald the Skipper's Wife's Parrot-Crew of the Kathleen Left in the Boats 950 Miles From Barpadoes - Some Picked Up, Some Sail It.

Eight forlorn sailormen from the illfated little New Bedford whaler Kathleen, reached this port yesterday. They told the wonderful story of the sinking of the 195-ton Kathleen, after fifty-eight years of sea service, by the crazy plunge of a monstrous bull whale. In all the salty annals of New Bedford and Martha's Vinevard and Nantucket there is but one story

ike that of the Kathleen.

From the day she left New Bedford on Oct. 22, the bark was buffeted by a terrific southwest storm. For twenty days her hatches were battened down. When the storm left her she was in the Gulf of Mexico. She made for the Cape Verde Islands and shipped a dozen Portuguese, making the ship's company forty in all. The captain, Thomas Jenkins, had his wife with him. She had a green African parot, aged 8, by which she set store more than by any other living thing except the captain himself. The captain is of the age of his boat and his wife is some fifteen years younger. Fishing was eternally dull, the Kathleen Ten days out from Cape Verde they met another Bedford whaler, and gammed her. Gamming is the word for the visiting which goes on between whaling crews when they meet on their vast hunting grounds. All but two or three men take the boats of one bark and go aboard the other. In due season the visit is returned. Whaling is leisurely business when there are no whales in sight. The bitter part of the gamming of this other bark for the Kathleen's people was that the other ship had ninety barrels of oil. And the Kathleen had not seen a whale.

had not seen a whale.

Something told the captain that he might do better off to the eastward of the Windward Islands, and thither went the Kathleen. For a brief six hours, on March 17, the bark's ill luck seemed to have vanished. Never was such a school of whales as she sighted. The captain went aloft and came down to tell Third Mate Reynolds that there must be night to 300 whales that there must be nigh to 300 whales. The mate went up to take a look and

old Kathleen's luck has turned at last!" the captain shouted to his wife, and helped her climb into the shrouds to look at the great school which was loafing away at the great school which was loaing away to the windward of them. There were so many that there was not a moment when there was not a high spouting spray rising from one point to another in the three-mile

In his haste to make the most of the In his haste to make the most of the changed fortunes of his cruise Capt. Jenkins sent away the four whaleboats at once. The first was commanded by Mate Manuel de Vivia, the second by Second Mate Morris ourny, a St. Helena man, the third by Third Mate Hobart R. Reynolds of Brockton, and the fourth by Fourth Mate Nichols. They rowed up into the wind after their prey, and within an hour after the boats were lowered from the ship the captain, Mrs. Jenkins, the cook and the cabin boy, who were the only souls left on board were who were the only souls left on board were rejoiced to see that De Viaria, Reynolds and Nichols were each of them fast to a

Reynolds's whale had towed him far out toward the horizon; Murray was chasing a monstrous whale that was leading him a monstrous whale that was leading him a provokingly leisurely chase to the westward. De Viaria had harpooned and lanced a big cow not half a mile from the bark. He was the first to bring his catch back. The cow was towed to the port side of the Kathleen, and the tackle was passed under the carcass so that it could be held in position while they stripped it of its blubber a deut off its head to be tried out separately. The boat was left in the water, astern.

The captain sighted a tremendous bull whale within a quarter of a mile on the starboard quarter. It was by all odds the biggest whale he had seen in all the vast fraternal convention of whales' clubs into

Hey there, mate," he shouted. "You take your men and go after that bull over there. The cow's made fast. Get after the big fellow."

The mate and his men tumbled down their boat and bent their backs to the The unsuspicious leviathan met them De Viaria plunged the harpoon

The bull sounded at once. Apparently is first rush down did not take him very ar, for while the men were still reeling if more line for him, thinking that the slackening of the line was merely temporary, he rose directly ahead of them and began to thrash the water. They had hardly gathered in the slack when the monster started off along the surface of the water. He went fast. The harpoon tine was recled off with a whir. The fric-tion over the bow set fire to the gunwale and it blazed up twice only to be doused out by one of the men.
The whale was making dead for the

the whale was making dead for the kathleen. De Viaria got out his hatchet, ready to cut the line when the big fish dived under the vessel's keel. But the bull did not dive. He rushed right on and struck the bark amidships on her oaken port side. The stout timbers were crushed in as a berry box is crushed when you

The whale sank like a plummet as soon he struck the ship. The boat's crew as he struck the ship. The boat's crew out the rope just in time to save them-

Mate De Viaria called on his men to pull and for the bark, which was settling raply. They came alongside in plenty of
me to save those aboard. Within a
street after the blow struck by the
male, the captain had set all hands to
making broad and water up to the deck
house it could be conveniently thrown inaging broad and water up to the deck shears it could be conveniently thrown into the whale boats. There were eighty pounds of biscuit and eighteen gallons of water ready when the boat reached the slice. Mrs. Jenkins, with the parrot clarped to her breast, was the first to get into the small boat. The veracious satiorness who came in yesterday solemnly east that only one sentence of the pareate that only one sentence of the parrol s remarks were quotable.

Danin hard luck! he repeated over and

skipper's wife and her beloved bird

heat was rowed away just as the Eathinen settled down into a sea that red with the blood of the avenging exipper's wife lifted the parrot up

had then rowing a little while and jone own the follows at the to take a last jook over the fellows at the bries of the Kachlong, which the weight of the cow whale had pulled over on lar elect The parent closed closes a gray lid over his left eye and said simply. United hard lines, that a what I say? Ye that observed Mate he Viario see here said legged in storic har set is also made that and legged in storic had set is also made that and also had seen a said translated.

The existence made first for Nichole's her you deat?" should Capt denking

or at he appropried and "To a Berthall

description the copean. The execution required to out longer at first to the seasons of first to the man convenience, and the man to the man convenience, and the time to ment of its consequency to these the time to be bound consequency to the bound of the consequency to the bound of the bounds consequency to the bound of the bounds consequency to the bound of the bounds of the bound of the bounds of the b children dark till bengt til riche trypeller through

g: the cuptous call, and at the gree will observed out and some what or microst leading resonand call the scalar many out Beynoids. he more taxe if walled Michele

his mistress, seeing the captain's hand raised menacingly, choked the words in his scarlet throat.

'I'll go share with what I have got," said the captain. "And at the same time we'll shift about a bit so that there will be ten men in each boat. The captain and his wife shifted to Nichols's boat.

Four gallons and a half of water and twenty pounds of biscuit were put into each of the whaleboats. Barbadoes was 950 miles away. It was a pretty grim prospect, the survivors say, to go to sleep on.

pect, the survivors say, to go to sleep on.

When the sun rose over the waters no
one boat was in sight of any of the others.

Mate Reynolds was in the worst fix of any of them, he found when he compared notes

afterward.

"It got good and light," he said yesterday, "and I found we was alone. I took a tin and dipped up some water. Salt Been in an open bucket all night and I guess it got dashed with spray. Looked rather bad. But after a while I made up my mind the best we could do was to make for Barbadoes. I made the course north by west. It was some better to have something to do. In about two hours after we stood away I saw His boat dead ahead of me. He hove to and waited for me. He was up to the same thing that I was—950 mile to Barbadoes. He divided water with me again, and we spread out some and stood away again.

me again, and we spread out some and stood away again.

"Along about 9 o'clock, I saw the captain making to the leeward. Guessed he seen something and made after him. He l. ad seen smoke. It was the Borderer, Baltimore to Chilean ports, with coal, Captain Dalton (a very fine gentleman he is, too).

"The chief engineer, we heard afterward, seen us first and went up to the officer of the deck and says to him. 'Sail, a small boat, on the weather bow, sir.'

"'So,' says the deck officer. 'Fishin,' most likely.'

"Fishin," says the engineer. 'Fishin? Nine hundred mile from land? No.

"You's right,' says the deck officer, and goes and tells the captain and the captain comes over to us and hitches our boats right up to his davits and pulls us aboard men, boats and all together. He treated us

boats and all together. He treated us right.

"He says to him, He says: T've got two more boats out here somewhere. What can you do for me?"

Capt. Dalton changed his course and set out looking for the other boats. He picked up Murray in an hour. But no sign could be found of De Viaria, though the Borderer cruised in a widening circle until long after dark. Then she went on her way southward and landed the castaways at Pernambuco. The captain and twenty of the men came north on the steamship Pynda which is now held on Quarantine at Philadelphia. Mrs. Jenkins and the parrot are also on the Pynda. The Pynda has been quarantined, perhaps on account of the parrot's language.

has been quarantined, perhaps on account of the parrot's language.

Third Mate Reynolds came up along on the steamship Byron which landed in Brocklyn yesterday. He tramped across the Bridge from Brocklyn and went to the Seaman's Aid Society which furnished him with a ticket to New Bedford.

Meanwhile De Viaria reached the Barbadoes in his whaleboat, with all his nine men. Six of them came from Barbadoes with him on the Steamship Madiana, which arrived here yesterday.

with him on the Steamship Madiana, which arrived here yesterday.

The seven men who came from Barbados on the Madiana went to the Sailor's Home at 190 Cherry street. They were all there last night because they had not the wherewithal to go away. First Mate, or as he calls himself, Head Bowman, Manuel de Viaria is still in command of the seven. He is a tall Portuguese mulatto. With him were his brother Philip de Viaria, Rodney Morrison, Manuel Andrade, Auguste Gomez, Manuel Fonseca, M. R. Andrade and Joachim Barros

Manuel de Viaria said that the reason his boat got separated from the others

Manuel de Viaria said that the reason his boat got separated from the others was that he had arranged with Capt. Jenkins to exchange signal flashes at intervals during the night. Early in the night he saw the captain's flash far ahead. He concluded that he must be falling behind, and so he crowded on all sall. In the morning he discovered that he had overreached himself and had outsailed the whole fleet. He concluded that it would not be wise to loaf around waiting for the other boats to come up or to try to look for them. His supply of water and bread was so small that it was barely enough to last them to Barbadoes if they had fair winds all the way. He took his pocket compass and made his course for Barbadoes. He calculated that the voyage would take twelve days and that this would allow each man a little more than a tablespoonful of water morning and night and half a ship's blscuit. He measured the water out with a tin bottle ton.

rough sailing. During the last five days the boat was bailed continuously. There was one little shower on the last day, so the water supply had been helped out. They came into port with nearly a quart of water. The bread was exhausted on the tenth day. The United States Consul at Antigua furnished them with passage here. They will go to New Bedford as soon as they can raise money enough.

PARK GOLD FISH DYING OFF. Hundreds of Them Dead on the Lake Side

-Maybe Overeating Killed Them. Several hundreds of the gold fish in the small lake in the lower part of Central Park have died from some unknown cause in the last few days. The dead fish were strewn along the shores of the lake until yesterday, when park employees were sent out with baskets to gather them up. The fish were noticeably bloated and this led the Park authorities to believe that

some evilly disposed person had thrown poisoned food into the water. Women and children are accustomed Women and children are accustomed to ride on awanhoats on the lake and the fish are in the habit of following the boats for the food thrown overboard. A Park policeman said he thought the fish were killed by the impurity of the water. It had recently become stagnast, he said, and many persons had complained of the disagreeable odor which was noticeable near the shore.

There was a thick seum on the water vesteriley and an unpleasant odor assailed

There was a thick seum of the water yesterday and an unpleasant odor assailed people crossing the stone bridge which spans one of its arms. The lake is fed from Croton waterpipes and has an out-let into a sewer near Fifty-minth street and Fifth avenue. It was said that this cutlet has recently become clogged and that this accounts for the stagmant water. But one of the men who operates a swan-boat gave quite enother explanation of the death of the field

the death of the fiel.

Thes just died from exercating he said. You can see, oil the dead fish are big fellows. They got all the food. The little ones got none and are silve. The lag ones at so much they couldn't exim and just floated on the surface of the water. Then the sun killed 'em."

tirganist Trier Bestger.

Abraham Ray Trior, organize of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, will retire on May I, and Arthur More, the conductor of the Mondelmohn Gine Club, the Allmany Festival and the Grange Choral Club, the last chant chant at the successor The catter of Mr. Tyler's retirement has not been explained. The chair will also inseline Mary Manufield. the suprace

The Westiney quarterly meeting of the Society of Friends is to legis technique to the morning house in Rotherford piece. The Philipschitenger Committee the arthurged for an affectional morting to be admirable by the Alexandry for the Rev for dament M Barcelov, rolling of the Philipschite Admirate, on Thomasaltery Politicalisms and their Beighton to the Law

Parist Links to Entopy Solary Materia. are general the fier. I M. Haideman, a spention of five months on account of its some and voted an increase of \$1000 to his solder. Mr Habbetton on to the Paris road. Thursday. The Roy By George F Pointe-cost wall supply the pringel small Survey.

L'actioned Murray approx But resten in the Municipal Continues prior

THE WOMAN'S TRAINGOES WEST

TRAIL OF BLOWN KISSES FLOATS

BACK WITH THE COAL SMOKE. Holiday Faces Left Behind -Mrs. Denison Is in a State of Mind Lest She May

Have to Preside Over All the Women's Clubs of Creation at Los Angeles. The Federation Special is off. The delegates to the biennial meeting of the General

Federation of Women's Clubs are on. The Grand Central Station yesterday morning looked like a cross between a Scrosis luncheon and a State Federation meeting

New York club women had turned out en masse, but there were delegates from a host of clubs that flourish in neighboring towns. The train was scheduled to start at 10:15. The first delegate arrived at five minutes of 9 in a flutter of excitement, lest, after all, she might not be in time. She had a large bag of oranges, a mammoth bouquet, two bags and a husband, and she wanted to board the special at once. The husband suggested that the train wouldn't be ready. She scorned the idea.

"But it's an hour and a quarter before train time, my dear." "This is a S-p-e-c-i-a-l, John. Of course, t's ready."

It wasn't. John tried not to look triimphant. The delegate has no sort of an opinion of the New York Central manage-

About 9:30 women began swarming into the station; women young, old, middleaged. The very young women, as a rule, were merely on hand to give mothers, older sisters and aunts a good start, but a few of the igirls were going as delegates or friends of delegates. Possibly it is their interest that the Los Angeles "Train Committee" is to be assisted by twenty-five cadets from the military school of Los Angeles.

There was a fair sprinkling of husbands in the crowd, serving chiefly as luggage carriers. Some of the men were genuinely interested and in sympathy with the occa sion. Some wore a weary and subdued expression. The majority looked disreetly amused. A few doughty heroes were going with their wives and appeared to be entering upon the ordeal with lighthearted recklessness.

Almost all of New York's well-known club women were in evidence, and as a whole they were a good-looking crowd of women, though sartorial excellence varied with the individual and club standards.

Mrs. Charles S. Denison, President of Sorosis, came in late. Rumor has it that she is to encounter difficulties at the meetshe is to encounter difficulties at the meeting. Delegates insist upon considering her as a candidate for the presidency of the General Federation, Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker of Denver, Mrs. Robert Burdette of Los Angeles and Mrs. Alice Wiles of Chicago being the other entries. Mrs. Denison stoutly affirms that she will not "under any circumstances" accept the nomination. If she persists in this attitude, the Eastern delegates will probably rally 'round the standard of Mrs. Decker, the Denver candidate.

Although Mrs. Denison is President of Sorosis, she does not go as head of the

Sorosis, she does not go as head of the Sorosis delegation. As a member of the National Board, she will be relegated to National Board, she will be relegated to the platform and engrossed by affairs of the national delegation. Mrs. C. S. Wilbour was to head the Sorosisters, but Mrs. Wilbour was at the station sadly explaining to lamenting friends that bronchitis and an unfeeling doctor kept her in New York. Mrs. H. A. Stimson will act as Mrs. Wilbour's substitute. Wilbour's substitute.

Mrs. Zabriskie, President of the State

Mrs. Zabriskie, President of the State Federation, is also unavoidably kept at home, but one of her friends whispered confidentially that she had in her pocket a letter which Mrs. Zabriskie had written to be read to the delegates, Sunday evening, on the train.

Another secret that began the rounds at the very last moment was started on its

days and that this would allow each man a little more than a tablespoonful of water morning and night and half a ship's blscuit. He measured the water out with a tin bottle too.

The boat reached Barbadoes with all well after eleven days and eleven nights of rough sailing. During the last five days Mrs. Denison, questioned about the rumor, just before the train started said that she felt sure it was absolutely ground-

had been true, she would surely have been notified. Whoever occupies the presidential chair is fairly sure to have her hands full, for the fight on the color line promises to furnish great excitement and may bring about the disruption of the federation. When the special was called, 182 women and a minuty concourse of friends surged and a mility concourse of friends surged through the gates and down the platform. The guards made no effort to stem the

torrent or enforce the ordinary rules of exclusion. Bless your heart," said one of the officials, "we knew from the start there would be no use trying to head them off. Let 'em all come."

'em all come."

They all came. In a few moments every seat in the seven cars was full; the aisles were packed with friends. The platform was jammed with more friends. A rattling fire of kisses and good-bys was in the air. The few men, tossed like sparse flotsam and jetsam on the tide, were looking as inconspicuous as possible, and, occasionally, kissing stray daughters and wifes, undoubtedly their own.

stray daughters and wifes, undoubtedly their own.

At intervals belated delegates sprinted down the platform, bowling the crowd aside, and scrambled on the train. One of them, exhausted and parting, hugged to her breast a huge jug of carbonated water.

"Say, she's going to be real gay," commented an observant porter.

On the rear platform of the last car was a man with a camera, taking snapshots of famous groups and individuals, as they

of famous groups and individuals, as they cornealing with the feminine stream. Some of the women saw him in time to do a digniof the women saw him in time to do a dignified cakewalk. Others met their photographic fate, all unprepared. This will be a much photographed delegation. Light women out of every tencarried a camera.

The ducky porters ranged along baside the cars already looked tired. One of them wated confidential as he and a NUN reporter watched the crowd.

"Bay, am I up against it?" he inquired sadly "What nort of a lob's this for a porter of a Puliman buffer amoiser?"

"Hard work? suggested the reporter.

"Well. I should any I we been through it before. A solid our find of women for a round trip means more work than anything.

ound trip means more work than anything round trip means more work than anything else you can recent up.

"Bometimes it's good pay bometimes it in?' You rever sun tell. If a indy does pay she pays big. If she don't you get nothing. It's one thing of the other But I've been sleing my carions up. They inche pretty good. I encoun I'm all right. All the same going so the same trip. I'd was distincted.

All managed, relied the reconstruction.

distinguish. Selies the conductor There was a togety thrill of rectional a calling a westing a thickering of black and divise. The train pulsar and figure the train pulsar and figure the winner who contain an artist within the minimum time winter. Each the train the winter and and farmed to close the wine who had add farmed to close step mand come wire haliday farms. On the contents of the lags trained in the contents of the lags trained and represent top the "aportial" dissed at hypogeneous contents of the lags.

of the Phenoises Advanced in Technicalian of Phenoises and State a

Steer Locality Office Some Seal Spines

"FAUST" IN BURLESQUE.

A WOMAN'S LEAGUE MATINEE.

MAUDE BANKS'S DELAYED PLAY

GETS A PERFORMANCE.

Merit Plentiful and Faults Not Fatal in

"The City's Heart," Though Not Much

Was Expected of It as an Oceasional

Production in the Hands of Volunteers.

Maude Banks is an actress with ideas

and a persistent worker for stage art, bar-

ring occasional excursions into turgic

melodrama for money. She possesse

originality, temperament and psychological

nsight almost to a degree of genius, but she

has injuriously indulged herself in eccen-

tricities of expression before she has mas-tered the technicalities of art. As a drama-

tist she was known until vesterday only as

a sympathetic translator of modern Euro-

pean playwrights. At Wallack's yester

day afternoon she revealed herself as the

author of a melodrama of local life in "The

City's Heart," which had a single per-

formance for the benefit of the Profes-

sional Woman's League building fund. I

is unusual that a play of positive value in

revealed at a more or less makeshift matine

but this one is sure to be heard of again,

The story begins in a fashionable Fifth

avenue drawing room. An orphan heiress

starts, sumptuously gowned, for a dinner,

but quickly returns. Her carriage has

run over a Salvation Army girl, who is brought in and cared for. This girl talks

briefly with the other, but impresses her.

So does a doctor who attends to the injuries

Very different are a titled money hunter

whom the heiress thinks she loves and her

cousin who looks after her business affairs

Vaguely she gropes in the dark for the

light of truth. She finds it in a letter pinned

ed woman is obviously trying to save be-

fore it is too late. Wrapping herself in

the cloak of the Army and partially cover-

ing her face with the bonnet, she sets out to

live unselfishly for another, but not until

her disguise has so deceived the scheming

nobleman that he has revealed the shallow-

The second act, which shows insight into

human nature, shows the cheerless home

of the endangered girl, and it furthers the

plot little, yet is not sluggish in movement.

Its realism will recommend it to consider-

ate people, while the melodrama of the

hird act will appeal to those who either

can't or won't think at the theatre. The

heiress here hears how frivolous the dector

thinks her. By an odd, though logical,

mistake she believes this man, whom she

now realizes she loves, is the enemy of the

girl she has come to save. Fearless in the

uniform of the Salvation Army she follows the victim to a Bowery dive.

This is where the third act occurs, and here again Miss Banks proves herself a student of types. Barring scenic short-comings, a Bowery concert hall was repro-duced with marvellous fidelity. The actors

duced with marvellous fidelity. The actors of recognized position who became super-numeraries, and the stage management of Sally Williams Riegel, who was rewarded

girl in peril is there, a new visitor to the resort, but happy in her blind love for the man. Her exit is made under the protec-tion of the Salvation Army, who enter with

hurrah. At this point a cheapening kind of melodrama is suddenly precipitated into Miss Banks's play. Otherwise it might be the play of New York life for which we have

long waited. The last act brings discoveries of long-lest sisters, unreasonable or at least unlikely reformations of hopeless

sinners and general joy.

Miss Banks played the heroine, a rôle
that she did not suggest in appearance,
with uneven ability that ranged from utterly

ineffective eccentricity to inspiring oddity She avoided conventionality to the degree

she avoided conventionally to the degree, at times, of losing points that as a dramatist she had forcibly made. Madge Carr Cook and Fred Thorne as the parents of Lottie Alter gave really remarkable studies of lower East Side types that delivered and embellished the author's conceptions. Miss Alter and Morgan Coman as their child-

ren nearly approached them in charac-terization. Emily Rigl, Bijou Fernandez Suzanne Leonard, Thomas Doyle and sey.

eral others gave noteworthy sketches in the Bowery dive. Sidney Booth, Melville Stewart and Forrest Robinson were ade-

quate in more conventional parts. At the

Bolles Hasn't Got a Divorce

Henry L. Bolles's action for an absolute

divorce from Eva C. Bolles, which was

tried before Justice O'Gorman of the Su-

preme Court, resulted in a disagreement of the jury. The case has been ordered on the calendar for an immediate retrial.

end of the third act the whole house broke forth in calls for Miss Banks, and she made a brief speech.

with cheers, were material aids to Banks, but the creation was her own.

ness of his professed love.

although probably not in Broadway.

Herve's Travesty of the Popular Gounod Opera at the Victoria.

The liveliest moment in "Le Petit Faust," which was sung last night by the Roberval company at the Victoria came when Stella Bossi stuck a tack into her prehensile toe. She was dancing with the academic efficiency of this ballet from New Orleans when the somewhat stationary smile on her pretty face suddenly froze into an expression of agony. With more spontaneity than any ballet master could ever have taught her she lifted her foot, extracted the offend-

ing tack from her slipper and hurled it into

the wings. Horror was plainly depicted on the faces of the surrounding coryphées. Mile. Stella began to dance again and her smile broke into view. In the following movement of the ballet she turned alternately toward the audience and the back of the stage. The rapidity with which her expression changed from beaming amiability to fury was a study in facial eloquence. When she had finished her dance and retired to the wings the uproar there showed which emotion was genuine and compassion passed from Mile. Bossi to the stage manager.

There were other mishaps in "Le Petit Faust." It must have been a first performance. The actors blundered through Herve's burlesque with no evidence of any familiarity with the work. The orchestra,

familiarity with the work. The orchestra, generally inefficient enough, was last night so interested in the performance that it quite ceased to play at times and became inaudible.

The self-possession of Mile. Laya was in contrast to the evident uncertainty of the other singers. She was Mephisto and acted with her customary perception of the humor of the role. Her principal associates were M. Queyla as Faust and Mile. Delaine as Marguerie. The two last might have passed muster if the general level of the performance had been higher. As it was, they seemed only a part of the general incompetence. incompetence.
"Les Cloches de Corneville" will be sung

in the Salvation lassie's cloak-a plain tale of a poor girl who is being led astray by a gentlemanly rounder, and whom the wound

LAST OPERA SINGERS GONE. Maybe Mme. Breval Will Be Here Next

Year-M. Alvarez to Sing Ernant. Mme. Bréval sailed away yesterday on La Touraine. On the same steamer were MM. Alvarez, Gillibert, Flon and Dec lery. Mme. Bréval is going back to Paris. She will return to the Opéra Comique, where she will be heard in "Griseldis," which was interrupted by her visit to this

"I have just received a cable from M. Gailhard," Mme. Bréval said, "asking me to come to the Paris opera, but I preferred to go again to the Opéra Comique, as that will give me the opportunity to sing in 'Armide.'

give me the opportunity to sing in 'Armide.' Glück's opera is to be revived for me in the early fall. I shall sing Brunnhilde at the Paris opera on May 15 for a charitable purpose. I do not know whether or not I will be able to return next year. It depends altogether on the date of the revival of 'Armide."

M. Alvarez is to be a member of the company at the Metropolitan Opera House again next year.

"I am to sing for the first time here Ernani in Verdi's opera of that name, Lionel in 'Martha' for the first time, and Manrico in Tl Trovatore,' he said. "I am not to go back to the Paris opera in spite of the reports to the contrary. I never expect to sing there again and when I next appear in Paris it will be at the Opéra Comique. I was invited there now for a season of a month, but I preferred to rest until next

month, but I preferred to rest until next autumn." The Carri Students' Concert

Knabe Hall was crowded last night at the violin recital of the students of Ferdinand Carri, the director of the New York Institute for Violin Playing. The rising young artists played in a manner reflectyoung artists played in a manter. Little ing great credit upon their master. Little Meti Sprunk took the house by storm, had a load of floral tributes and a number of recalls. Master Willie Monaghan gave a fine performance of "Vieuxtemps Bala load of floral tributes and a number of recalls. Master Willie Monaghan gave a fine performance of "Vieuxtemps Bal-lade et Polonaise." Others taking part in the concert were Miss A. Harris, Miss R. Fried, Miss J. Graa, Miss Rosa Olah, Harry Zucker, George Orner, Carl David, L. Hamy, A. Campbell, M. Rosenblum, H. Dublin, Isaga and Silva.

Paderewski's Farewell To-night

Ignace Paderewski will give his fareweil concert to-night at the Metropolitan Opera House. In addition to the Chopin concerto in F minor, he will play two groups of solo numbers. Henry Hadley will conduct the orchestra.

Edwin Booth Estate Rented to Mr. Kernechan.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 24.—The Edwin Booth estate in Middletown, situated on Indian avenue and known as "Boothden," has been rented for the coming season to James L. Kernochan of New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OF MR. MAJOR'S new novel

Published Wednesday, April 23-

The first critic in THE MAIL AND EXPRESS of Wednesday evening writes:

"MR. MAJOR HAS DISCOVERED WHAT POTENT IM FLEMENTS ARE LANGUAGE AND STYLE IN THE CREATION OF ROMANCE, AND HE HAS MASTERED THEIR USE. ALL
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